MOSCOW IS LIVELY, BUSTLING, RAGGED, WITH TRADING AT FANTASTIC PRICES

Streets Are Crowded Day and Night and the Atmosphere Seems One of Hysterical Gayety; Individual Business Restored and Communism as a System Has Vanished

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Moscow, Oct. 1.

MOSCOW has changed very much since April, 1920. I left it in the red dawn of a stormy day. I return in the mild, golden evening. It was then spring, but Moscow was shuddering in what seemed to me the dying convulsions of illness and premature old age. It is now autumn, but Moscow is throbbing with what the Bolsheviks declare to be the spirit of young life, though the anti-Bolsheviks assure me that is only a fever which will leave the patient weaker than he was before.

Let me dwell for a moment on what Moscow was like in 1920. Its deserted streets were choked with half melted snow mixed with mud. The whole tramcar system had broken down. Save for a few fitful lights here and there the city was plunged in darkness at night. Traveling by rail was free, but one could not get a train to travel in. The Government had undertaken to feed its citizens, but in the towns few of them could get enough to eat, and I used at first to go without any food at all till late in the evening, when a charitably disposed person sometimes let me have his leavings. Houses were public property, but I had to live for a while in a deserted railway carriage. Hotels belonged to the people, but I could not get a room in any of them. Finally, when I got into the Savoy, I found that only a few rooms in that hostelry were available and those rooms were very dirty. There were not more than half a dozen cabbies plying for hire, but their horses were hardly fit to walk, and the cabbies were so decrepit that they were hardly fit to drive. There was supposed to be no private trading, but an illegal business was done in one of the markets. The Government was supposed to supply the people with firewood, but it didn't, and most of the public lived in a half frozen condition.

Letters could be posted free, but they were never delivered, and probably never collected. In short, the whole system of government was based on the false assumption that at our present stage of human evolution private initiative can be dispensed with and every kind of business left to a dictatorial and omnipotent Government.

Streets Are Now Filled With Furious Rush of Traffic

The streets are now swarming not only with pedestrians, but also with swift motor cars, lumbering drays laden with grain, horse carriages full of passengers, heavy lorries carrying all kind of goods and noisy motor bicycles. So great and furious is the traffic in some streets that it is dangerous to cross them. I myself was nearly slain by a motor bike yesterday in Theater Square. The air is full of the rush of petrol driven vehicles and of their perpetual hooting and whistling.

Two years ago the big shops in the Kuznetsky, the Tverskaya and the Petrovka presented an extraordinary appearance. They were full of goods, but were closed and guarded by soldiers till those goods could be handed over to various Government departments. The medical supplies would go to the Communist Department of Public Health, the books would go to the People's Commissariat of Public Instruction, and so on. It was an astonishing and unparalleled sight. The ground had been cleared, metaphorically speaking, for the foundations of a huge Socialist edifice such as the world had never before seen, and in that edifice there was to be no private property at all—books, clothes, medicine, machinery, food and everything else was to belong to the State.

But that metaphorical edifice has not been built. After a while those goods were obtainable by ticket. Then there was a notice in the windows stating that they could be had without tickets, and that led to the developments which we see in the streets of Moscow to-day. Let me describe briefly what those developments are.

All the shops are now open and full of goods and customers. You can now buy pretty well everything you like in Moscow from wine to clothing and underclothing, from houses to cameras and binoculars, from theater tickets and railway tickets to socks and horses. Most of the things you can buy are nasty, but certainly not cheap, and it is a source of constant amazement to me that there are always plenty of purchasers.

Three Million Rubles, Minimum Cab Fare

You cannot get a ride in a cab for less than 3,000,000 rubles (3 shillings), and, though this is not an excessive price to one just coming from London, it must surely be too much for the Russian who had amassed a fortune of 50,000 rubles (£5,000) in the time of the Czar, and expected to be able to live modestly for the rest of his life on the interest. A theater ticket costs at least 5,000,000 rubles, yet the theaters are always full. A bottle of very weak beer costs several million rubles, yet you see lots of people drinking beer. Twenty bad cigarettes cost half a million rubles, yet you see everybody smoking.

How do so many people manage to get so much money? The only explanation is that the city must be full of Russians who are paid according to the new standard of currency or who have made their fortune under the new dispensation, as well as with profiteers, with Russians returned from foreign countries where they had investments, or with foreigners like myself. The old Russian bourgeoisie must have been completely destroyed, for with its scanty savings of the past it could not compete with prices like these.

A strong national feeling, accompanied by a certain amount of hatred of foreigners, has grown up for the first time in Russia, and is to be found not only among the Bolsheviks but also among the peasants, who believe that France and England induced the Czar to sacrifice millions of them in an imperialistic war with which Russia had no concern, and even among the old bourgeoisie, nobility and military men, who blame the Western Powers for not intervening strongly enough. The peasants who hoarded Romanov paper money are not pleased, it is true, to find that it is now worthless; but those who hoarded gold are fairly well satisfied; and, in any case, the great mass of the peasants hoarded nothing and are now starting, without a handicap, on the new money, which they receive at present from private grain merchants, green grocers, bakers and speculators in exchange for their crops. Consequently the peasants are on the whole behind the Soviet Government; so an ex-landowner admitted sorrowfully to me to-day.

One of the most striking sights in the streets of Moscow to-day is the enormous number of people who are selling things at booths, or out of baskets on the curbstone, or out of boxes or hats. Hawking was forbidden in Russia two years ago; but that repression has only made the disease break out with a virulence that reminds one of an Oriental bazaar. Along the railings of the churches are ranged women who sell cigarettes, matches, needles, thimbles and every sort of small hardware. Students and grown men are frequently to be seen at the street corners selling flowers. Stationary hawkers specialize in hammers, nails, pincers, pocket knives and all kinds of cutlery. Itinerant hawkers carry apples, boot laces, bread, eggs and onions; while at temporary stalls you can buy grapes, chocolate, ice cream, cakes and every kind of fruit and vegetable that can be had at this season.

There are many temporary bookshops where one can sometimes find among a dreary litter of old almanacs and school books odd volumes from the libraries of vanished noblemen. Many shoemakers ply their trade on the pavement, and I saw yesterday a plump and gaudily dressed young lady being shod in the street, like a horse—the shoemaker holding her foot between his knees while he hammered a piece of india rubber on to her small heel. In the markets the variety of the objects sold is so great that I cannot give a list of them. There is a brisk business done in furniture, clothing, cameras and field glasses.

The result, then, of the ambitious policy which was to create one colossal business concern of Russia—namely, the Russian Government itself—has been the creation of the largest number of small hawkers that ever blocked the streets of a city. The small shopkeeper—a respectable and deserving member of all civilized communities—was crushed, but now he is allowed to open shop again, with crowds of unlicensed peddlers outside his window, and the Government's toleration of these peddlers is probably due to its dislike for the small shopkeeper.

Shops Boast of Selling Trust Manufactured Goods

Big business seems, however, to have a curious fascination for it. In a draper's shop on the Tverskaya I saw yesterday a notice boasting that the firm represented "89 Trusts and 453 Factories," but the rolls of cloth in the window were very inferior stuff. This draper was a Government servant, and the trusts and factories were Government institutions, which are run at a loss to the State, though it is not the common people who benefit, for the cloth is dearer than English cloth is in England. This ruinous system of Governmental capitalism cannot continue indefinitely, and when it disappears along with the street hawker stage we may find Russia dominated by a ring of the most colossal private capitalists that the world has yet seen. The Bolsheviks admit that this danger exists, but they think that they can avoid it. I don't think they can.

Moscow is not only busy, it is even gay. The streets are crowded all night with people listening to open air concerts given by itinerant musicians. The parks are also crowded till morning with people of both sexes listening to bad music and drinking inferior beer; this is a revival of the old custom of crowding into the "sadi" (gardens) during the "white nights" to watch theatrical entertainments, enjoy excellent orchestras and drink champagne with a 2 A. M. supper. It is, however, a custom which did not exist in 1920.

In some coteries there is heavy drinking and high gambling, which reminds one of Berlin; in fact, the Moscow Soviet has permitted the establishment here of a large gambling resort called the hermitage. It is run on Monte Carlo lines, and the number of rubles which are lost in it nightly far surpasses my humble arithmetical powers, which do not go beyond milliards. There is also, however, especially among the poorer classes, a good deal of innocent exercise and amusement.

On a hot day the Moscow River is one of the greatest sights in the world on account of the vast number of men, women and children who bathe and wash there in a state of complete nudity. All Moscow seems, in short, to stretch its limbs, to breathe a sigh of relief, and even to laugh. It reminds me of a person who, having escaped some terrible danger, has a reaction of hysterical gayety. Within a hundred yards of where I am writing this there is a tennis match going on between a Moscow and a Petrograd club both composed of doctors and other professional men employed by Soviet Government, the wives and grownup children of those professional men, some Bolsheviks, and a sprinkling of foreign diplomatists.

Moscow is even going so far as to repair itself; I have seen workmen laying down blocks of wood in the street, and I have seen a number of houses being made habitable. There still remains, however, many houses, even in out of the way parts of the town, which have for some reason or other been raked with bullets. This damage was not always done, however by the Bolsheviks. The German Consulate, near where I write, and all the houses and business establishments of Germans in Moscow and Petrograd were sacked by soldiers and Hooligans on the outbreak of war in 1914, and few of them have since been repaired.

The mixture of costumes in the streets is very much like what it was ten years ago, only that the brilliant uniforms and the costly equipages are now absent. Well disciplined companies of well dressed soldiers still go singing through the street, but the songs are different; and there is a red star on the soldiers' caps instead of a double headed eagle. There is an extraordinary number of beggars and mutilated persons in the streets. One beggar whom I saw moaning and praying on the pavement yesterday had a half million rouble note lying carelessly in his extended hat; some charitable person's gift, I suppose, but the beggar did not apparently think much of it.

The men one sees in the streets wear as a rule top boots and clothes which do not seem to have been brushed since 1917, and some of these men look as if they had had their last haircut about the same time. Many youths and men swagger about in the wide sailor-like trousers affected by young Russian men of the larrikin and coster type. Many people of both sexes wear sandals, but children and sometimes big boys and girls go barefooted.

Women Dress Neatly, But in Plain Materials

As for the feminine costumes, on which I do not profess to be an authority, they are generally very neat and clean, especially in the case of young women, but always cheap and simple. They seem to consist mostly of white cotton, with a hat of the same material, white stockings and boots. The boots are quite often neat and fashionable. On the whole it is surprising how well the Muscovites have in the matter of dress come out of the difficult period of seclusion and want which may now be regarded as over. The Bolshevik leaders are well clad in ordinary life and they expect foreigners who visit them to be well clad also, but I have a suspicion that each of them keeps handy a suit of damaged "proletarian" clothes for state occasions.

I have been a good deal in Bolshevik Government offices during the week. There is a congestion of worry in them, not a congestion of work. Young women clerks are now employed very largely, and they are less inefficient than the male clerks whom they have replaced; still they go at the slow tempo whereat everything and everybody in Russia moves, and which even Lenine failed to speed up. It is the national rate of speed, and there is no more use in trying to make a Russian hustle like an American than there is in trying to make a cow run like a race horse.

Those Bolshevik Government offices are a sight. Worried clerks each trying to talk to six people simultaneously and at the same time try to sign innumerable papers which are being piled on their desks by unwashed boys in top boots and belted blouses. Queues are formed before the various tables, but old women with handkerchiefs over their heads butt in out of their turn and nobody reproves them. Whole processions of weird objects get in front of you, elbowing their way ferociously.

The constantly recurring decimal in these processions is the long haired student with the ends of his trousers inside his boots, the tail of his shirt outside his trousers and the general appearance of having slept in his clothes on some dirty floor and forgotten to brush or wash himself afterward. I wasted four precious hours to-day trying to get a simple signature which could be affixed in a few seconds.

My own observations here in Moscow convince me that Communism is dead, or rather, as Rakovsky put it to me at Genoa, that "there are Communists in Russia but no Communism." Individual trading has been restored. The bread cards have been abolished. One must pay for everything—his hotel bill, his railway fare, his tramcar ticket, his theater ticket, his rent, his rates and taxes.

STREET MARKETS HAVE REPLACED SMALL SHOPS.

VEGETABLE HAWKERS IN MOSCOW.

BUYING A PAIR of AMERICAN BOOTS.

SEVEN MILLION RUBLES FOR A BOTTLE OF WINE

Moscow, Oct. 1.

THE most realistic picture of economic conditions in Russia today is that afforded by a table of current prices. The following are the prices of common commodities:

One pound white bread	700,000 rubles
One pound black bread	180,000 rubles
One pound pork	1,500,000 rubles
One pound beef	900,000 rubles
One pound smoked fish	500,000 rubles
One pound fresh butter	500,000 rubles
One pound rice	750,000 rubles
One pound sugar	1,500,000 rubles
One pound potatoes	100,000 rubles
One bottle white wine	7,000,000 rubles
Cheapest street car ride	200,000 rubles
Usual price for a newspaper	100,000 rubles

It might be thought that after all these prices represent a small amount in American, British or French currency. That is far from being the case. Exchange rates are arbitrarily fixed by the Soviet, and they bear no sort of relation to actual European exchange values. The present official rates are as follows:

One dollar American	240 rubles
One pound sterling	1,080 rubles
One French franc	21 rubles
One hundred German marks	88 rubles

Very little business, however, is done at the official rates.

BETTER CHIMNEYS BY GOVERNMENT AID

Special Dispatch to THE NEW YORK HERALD.

New York Herald Bureau, Washington, D. C., Oct. 21.

UNCLE SAM is trying to stop chimneys from smoking at the wrong end. He would provide a model to make "drawing chimneys."

An investigation has disclosed that in every community there are good chimneys and bad chimneys. The good ones draw and the bad ones do not. Ever since the first half dozen chimneys were built there have been complaints against smoking chimneys, chimneys that filled houses with smoke from the fireplace instead of carrying it off skyward.

For generations engineers have tried to solve the problem of the smoking chimney, but have never met with a full measure of success. One prominent Southern engineer, who helped to develop the cotton milling industry in the South, devoted money and time to studying the question: "Why do some chimneys built at the same time, out of the same sort of material, and by the same people smoke and others do not?" He had small boys go through hundreds of chimneys and take measurements all along the way of the ones that did or did not smoke, and then he drew a plan for what he thought was an ideal chimney, but it failed to produce the desired results. This engineer admitted his defeat in a pamphlet giving the history of his efforts. Now the Department of Agriculture will try its hand on the ancient family worry.

Experts on the subject of chimney construction tell of certain masons who built chimneys that would draw the hat off of your head if you got near the fireplace. One instance is told in which a pine bark hat in reconstruction days in the South was pulled from a man's head and up and out of a new chimney.

"The prime function of a chimney," A. M. Daniel, assistant mechanical engineer, Division of Agricultural Engineering, Department of Agriculture, asserts, "is to produce a draft that will cause sufficient combustion and carry off the resulting smoke; incidentally it assists ventilation. Many unsatisfactory heating plants and much excessive fuel consumption are due to improperly constructed chimneys, which are the rule rather than the exception. Although many of these are more inefficient than dangerous, yet reports of the National Board of Fire Underwriters show that a larger number of fires are caused by defective chimney construction than by anything else. The annual loss resulting from such fires is greater than the fire loss from any other cause. Poor chimney construction is responsible for smoke pollution of the air, waste of fuel and poor heating."

Government experts report that "the draft depends entirely upon the chimney flue. The better the flue the more satisfactory and efficient will be the operation of the entire heating apparatus. The strength or intensity of the draft is dependent mainly upon the tightness, size and height of the chimney flue."

Mr. Daniels has prepared an elaborate statement on the subject of "drawing chimneys." He goes into the scientific reasons for the lack of proper draft. He asserts that a "round flue is the most desirable because it offers less resistance to the spirally ascending column of smoke and gases."

It has been found that "large trees located near chimney tops may deflect wind currents down the chimney. This may be avoided by placing the chimney on the opposite side of the building."

"The best location for the chimney is near the center of the building, for when so located its four walls are kept warm; cold winds cannot chill it and cause it to draw poorly," Mr. Daniels asserts.

The department explains that the purpose in collecting this information about chimneys is "to give the householder and prospective builder, and especially the farmer or other rural resident who builds or superintends the building of his own home, a working knowledge of the principles to be observed in planning and building these important parts of the house, which, if they are observed, will go a long way to promote the comfort of the home and insure the safety of the property."

THE UNBEATABLE GAME THAT MILLIONS PLAY

Try in Vain to Cope With Living Costs and Working Conditions in the Great Cities

By JOHN LATHROP.

A CENSUS of two decades ago New Yorkers "went into the air" when the returns indicated a slight decrease in the residential population of Manhattan Island. Protest was so vocal that it was heard 225 miles away in Washington. Demand was registered for revision of the figures. The reply was that the return was correct.

But not all New Yorkers joined in that protest. Some, who for years had foreseen that such a movement would eventually take place, rejoiced and tried to show the people that it was not unfortunate but socially healthful, that there be a trek to the more open spaces by people who were jammed into seriously restricted Manhattan areas. The effort failed. That unreasoning resistance by American city folk against the slightest intimation of decrease of population prevented all but a fraction of the people from sensing the social truth.

Then the world war came, and the situation changed over night. New York was packed from cellar to garret. The State housing laws were necessarily ignored. The authorities permitted violation of the housing laws by hundreds of thousands. Parts of New York architecturally had been declared by such as Arnold W. Brunner to be "a riot." But as the thousands crowded into the city in those war times, it became housingwise almost a mob. Rents rose. Goods cost more. All auxiliary expenses of living and doing business increased—and all rapidly—until as one went about among his acquaintances, or made business visits, he heard above all other things the incessant discussion of these things.

And it wasn't only the fellow of low wage or salary who indulged in this tale of woe. One remembers that even those men of the financial district who appeared to have all the money in the world joined the Third avenue and Avenue A wailers against the living conditions in the greater city. The vote was unanimous.

Newspaper Columns Throw Light on the Difficulty

Why these things? The answer was being every day printed in the New York newspapers from a dozen angles. I took the files of THE NEW YORK HERALD this week and ran through them. "Nearly half of the foreign trade of the nation now passes through the port of New York district," a headline said on October 18. "Sixty per cent. of the foreign trade of the North Atlantic district moves through New York port," so the story went on.

Then there were tales of congested streets, which made movement of all kinds slow, and, therefore, expensive—an up-Stater in town complained that he took a taxi at Grand Central to hurry to the financial district and it required fifty minutes to get to Wall Street. He missed his return train home. "Trucking costs up," another headline reported, "because of street traffic congestion."

Last summer hundreds of cars of foodstuffs, fresh from the Southern fields, were dumped on the Jersey flats because of the impossibility of getting them over onto Manhattan Island—and, as a result, food prices remained up, the railways lost the freight money due for hauling, the commission men lost the percentage they would have collected had they been sold here, and—Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith and her neighbors in New York carried home from the markets less actual food than they needed for their families because of all of these things.

There were a dozen other matters involved. Oliver Walker, representing Pacific coast lumber interests, told me that more than half of the several billions of feet of lumber sold in an area within fifty miles of City Hall was used on Manhattan Island for manufacturing boxes, containers, articles of commerce, while all the time up the superb Fifth avenue—par excellence the most brilliant city street in the world—marched the army of wearing apparel makers, invading that which had been the bon ton shopping district for generations. More than a billion dollars of realty values were wiped out, so intimated Lawson W. Purdy, premier authority official for such matters, by that invasion.

Army of New Arrivals Is Augmented Every Day

Steadily through all of these times also marched into New York city the thousands on thousands of newcomers, knowing in advance they would find here these crowded conditions. No one understood what caused that remarkable cityward movement. It was seen in all American cities, so that whereas the 1900 census showed less than half the American people lived in cities, the 1920 census revealed that more than half had by that time become residents of urban communities. Likewise, every traveler in Europe witnessed precisely the same social phenomena. London, Paris, Berlin, Warsaw and all of the greater cities received the increasing throngs and became social madhouses, viewed from the standpoint of housing, living costs and comfort.

Protests against the pressure of costs in sustaining families in New York city resounded on all sides. Wages and salaries began to fall toward prewar levels, and around the edges of family living costs there were signs of similar decreases. But, by and large, the New Yorker realized that did he not bring home to his wife and babies about as much as he did during the inflated war period he would barely "get by" and stave off the Sheriff.

Labor resisted the attempt to deflate from the war conditions. The laborer delivered only a fraction of the value he formerly did. So that every social process cost more than it should, and after a brief period of apparent return to sanity New York experienced a resumption of the journey around "the vicious circle"—higher labor costs because prices were higher, and then higher prices because wages were higher, and so on ad infinitum.

Manufacturers Have Bases Worth $100 a Square Foot

Again, what was the matter?

Take manufacturing. Here on Manhattan Island are hundreds of factories on ground that approaches $100 a square foot in value, when out in some convenient suburb better location might be had on land valued at $2 or $3 a square foot. Here in Manhattan costs of bringing in raw materials for manufacture are enormous. Out there in some suburb the cost would be a fraction as much. Here in Manhattan manufacturers sometimes wait weeks for delivery of materials, because of congestion in the port and on the railways. Out there in some suburb he might have delivery with no delay. Every year 38,000,000 tons of coal are brought to New York port, 12,000,000 of anthracite and 8,000,000 of soft, for actual local burning, when it might be turned into electric current—or a greater part of it—and conveyed into the greater city over copper cables. And so on through a long list of causes of continued high costs which weigh down the New York family living earner.

The result? The other day we rode through several suburban districts scouting for material for this article. Here and there were manufacturing plants, formerly in New York, which had been moved out to the open spaces. Around them, often, one saw neat dwellings, in which lived the workers in those plants. Spur tracks ran from the railway lines for quick delivery of materials and equally quick taking away of the finished product.

In other places one saw hundreds of houses in which live persons who commute to the greater city—not palaces, not magnificent country places inhabited by millionaires; but adequate dwelling houses, infinitely better than city flats and apartments.

Just to get a concrete example to illuminate this article, to sort of sum up the whole matter, we stopped in Mamaroneck, out along the New Haven line, and sat on a porch with a suburbanite to ask some questions. I give the story which the head of that family told and in which the wife joined occasionally with prompting suggestions.

Life in Three Rooms And Bath Analyzed

"Up to October 1 of last year," he began, "we lived in a New York apartment on a modest side street—three rooms, a bath, a kitchenette and a small outside hallway. We had exactly 838 square feet of floor space, which, with 9 foot high ceilings, gave us 7,542 cubic feet of air space. We paid $2,200 a year, or $2.62 plus a square foot and 29 cents plus a cubic foot. Electric current for lights and occasional use of electric grills cost $5 a month, or $60 a year, and gas for cooking the same. Our phone cost $5.50 a month, or $66 a year, and we were limited to 1,000 calls a year, with 5 cents for each call over that. We tipped the janitor $3 a week, or $156 a year. It all came to $2,542 a year—and remember, it was for only three rooms and a bath and a kitchenette that was 6 by 6.

"So we made the plunge. Out here this house, with eight rooms, porches and a yard 75 by 200 feet, costs us $110 a month, or $1,320 a year—eight rooms, remember, and plenty of fresh air and our own yard! We have actually 934 square feet in the house, 220 square feet of porches and 15,000 square feet of ground, with a 14 by 14 garage."

We looked toward the garage, in which stood an automobile.

"Yours?" we asked.

"You bet!" he exclaimed. "It's ours, and a part of this story. Listen. We pay $1,320 a year rent; coal, ton and half a month, for eight months, $12 a ton, $144. Lights, $6 a month—we use it a plenty—$72 a year. Cooking fuel for the range, and gas for summer cooking, $120 a year. My commutation, $8 a month, $96 a year. Family commutation tickets, $36 a year. Phone, unlimited service, $36 a year. It all comes to $1,824 a year.

"Now for some comparisons. In the city apartment, 838 square feet, looking out on a brick wall, rent and apartment expenses, $2,542 in all, $3.04 a square foot. Out here, 934 square feet, all house expenses and rent, $1,824, or $1.85 a square foot, including daily transportation to the city.

"And now for that car. It cost $1,200. We paid down $300 and owed $900 on monthly payments. The difference in house rent and costs in the city and here left us $718. We paid it on the car and owe now just $182, and will have that paid in a short while."

Suburbanite Thinks Car Has Saved Him Money

"Isn't it true, wife," turning to the apparently happy woman, "that the car has literally saved us money? In the city we used to get away with about $20 a week for theaters and the dozen and one things that folks resort to to satisfy their unrest. And it was all balderdash. What we really wanted was home peace and quiet, and to get away from other people.

"Gosh! but how sick we were of seeing so many other people! And it was that very thing that forced us to that nervous hunting for relief from overtense city nerves. But out here! Say, neighbor, don't believe it when they tell you it isn't better. Did you ever take the big city to pieces and see what was inside? Folks go to the big city to get what? Nearness to neighbors and more friends. Nearness to the place of business. And the advantage of the wholesale principle socially of one utility for a lot of folks.

"You don't get any of those things. You seldom see your friends, and you have mighty few of them, anyway. They're all so blamed busy.

"Then there's the matter of my own work at the office. When we lived in the city I used to go down to the office often at night. Now I have a definite hour to take the suburban train—the 4:05. I make it. I work toward that hour, and work better. I have done better work the last year—vastly better."

There's a way out even in the city. If you went over onto Third avenue, along down opposite Wanamaker's store, you could get cheaper rents and buy food at the curbstone markets cheaper than you could in the Mamaroneck shops. But over there the people are jammed in seriously congested living quarters and the streets are dirty. Those Third avenue dwellers don't get very high grade street cleaning—not so efficient as they deserve. Besides the tendency toward clannish colonies is apparent in all of the cheaper parts of the city.

Country Near By Offers to the Family of Moderate Means Comparative Cheapness

The fact is the average New Yorker who does not belong to one of those colonies wouldn't extract from life in those districts much satisfaction. He would be an alien human quantity. The people would treat him nicely enough. But he wouldn't "belong."

Must Try to Beat The Unbeatable Game

So the average New Yorker must seek his living quarters elsewhere and try to "beat the game"—the unbeatable game.

If we see deeper, then, than the superficial signs of the late war and immediately post-war cityward movement, if we perceive the basic trends we must see that the tremendous pressure of life in the greater city is forcing people outward to the open spaces. If no facts such as have been here cited in proof had been available it might have been proven by mere logic that such a result was inevitable.

It is in recognition of such truths that the Port of New York Authority Commission—which may the social gods keep from involvement in politics in these campaign days!—is laying the foundations for the organizing of this countryward movement. The plan comprehends developing the smaller centers of residential and business and commercial activity. The technician phrases it as "decentralization from ultra-congested urban centers." In just plain United States it means relieving the New York family from the struggle to live within one's means. It means the removal of ten thousand business activities to the open spaces, where cheaper land, cheaper freights, cheaper everything may be had.

It means more, too, than some New Yorkers going out to live in the suburbs or the country and coming in every day to work in the city. For that, if carried to an extreme, will pile Pelion on Ossa with problems of transit of passengers rendered absolutely insoluble.

It means that New Yorkers must awake to the truth that there are within the limits of the greater city thousands of factories and businesses which would do better in every way were they to seek some outside location and take with them their employees to live in the opener spaces. This result will not be realized simply by passing a resolution that such and such businesses shall move with their employees outside of the greater city. Some of the employees won't go. Some go, only to return to the city because out there they don't have some of the city things to which, in their unnatural urbanwise social development, they have become addicted.

The change must be gradual. It is going on gradually. The movement has begun. When George Washington was here it was "the thing" socially to be a country gentleman. Later it became "the thing" to be a city gentleman, and the "country rube" was the butt of city ridicule. Nowadays it begins to be the ambition of city folk to be able to say "My country place." It's socially acceptable.

Deafening Din of City Driving Many to Country

So the existent trend countryward from the greater city has begun. The signs of it are on every hand. The noises in the city which drive many almost to distraction are quickening the countryward movement. An actual instance came to my notice this week. A citizen called at the police station in the Washington Square district. Complaint was registered of insufferable but preventable noises. The sergeant at the desk took down the record and said:

"I will ask the patrolman to keep an eye on that locality and try to lessen the noises. But I warn you that it is impossible to stop the noises entirely. It is a condition inseparable from living here in the city."

Another actual instance came to my notice this week. A citizen put household goods, filling 100 cubic feet, in a New York city storage warehouse, at $6 a month. Left there three months the bill for storage, "labor in and labor out," fifty minutes of packing of breakables by one of the storage warehouse men, trucking six blocks to and then from the warehouse to a new apartment, came, with tips, exactly to $47! It was almost 10 per cent. of the present value of the goods for a month's storage!

And it is recognition of these New York city truths, this pressure on family life, these nervous, efficiency reducing conditions, and these promisingly better living conditions in the opener spaces, that the movement has already begun outward from congested New York city.

The New York Association of Real Estate Operators estimates that in the last year upward of a quarter of a million persons have moved from New York to the suburbs and the country. It is true that perhaps others have come to take their places. But they in time will yield to the pressure and many of them will join the outward trek.

New York city is too big. Too many persons are trying to live on the same area. Human knowledge, science and inventive genius cannot devise means adequate to the situation. It is simply impossible to keep here so many persons and so many businesses and relieve the disheartening pressure on family life now endured by every one here. It compels every one to bid against his neighbor for room, goods and services. The result—by the Median and Persian law of business and commerce—costs mount an airplane and fly into the sky.